

KEASEY

Mr. and Mrs. Ray Dorland and family and Mrs. Helen Groom and daughter of Hillsboro visited at the W. J. Lindsley home Sunday.

Claribel, Anabel, Vernon and Joe Lindsley and Mr. and Mrs. Charles McNutt drove to the beach at Hammond Friday, returning Saturday.

Mrs. Bessie Cummings reports a most enjoyable trip to the American Legion convention in Albany last week.

Mrs. L. Cromwell of Portland, Mrs. Cummings' mother, visited her a few days last week.

Visitors at the J. O. Devaney home over the week end were John Graver, O. H. DeVaney, R. W. Webster of Portland, Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Lundeen and two boys, Mrs. Lundeen, Sr. of Westport and Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Dubenforf of Vernonia.

Mrs. John Luther had charge of the post office at Keasey while Mrs. Cummings was in Albany last week.

Stanley Parker is baching in Keasey with Milton Lamping.

Grandpa Comstock went to Portland Tuesday morning.

Jerry and Carril Lousman of Portland are visiting the Fields at Keasey.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Record of Sand Point, Idaho, are visiting at the DeVaney home during their vacation. Mrs. Record is Mrs. DeVaney's niece.

Mr. and Mrs. Johnnie Counts visited at the W. J. Lindsley home Sunday evening.

Mrs. Arvid Sundeen of Keasey went to Port Angeles, Wash., to visit her sister, Mr. Carl Armstrong.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis White and daughter Altha and husband and two children visited at Frank and Albert White's last Friday evening.

LODGES

Order of Eastern Star

Nehalem Chapter 153, O. E. S.



Regular communication first and third Wednesdays of each month, at Masonic Temple. All visiting sisters and brothers welcome.

Leona McGraw, Sec.
Myrtle Brock, W. M.

A. F. & A. M.

Vernonia Lodge No. 184 A. F. & A. M. meets at Masonic Temple, Stated Communication First Thursday of each month. Special called meetings on all other Thursday nights, 7:30 p. m. Visitors most cordially welcome.

T. M. Crawford, W. M.
Glenn F. Hawkins, Sec.

VERNONIA
POST 119
AMERICAN
LEGION
Meets First and
Third Mon-
days.



AUXILIARY
First and Third Tuesdays

Motor Cruising for Fun

A Motorlog to the Wallowa Mountains of Northeastern Oregon . . . and a Visit with "Silver Tip" Charley Seeber

This newspaper is co-operating with the Oregon State Motor association and The Oregonian in presenting a series of motor cruises under the title "Motor Cruising for Fun." It is hoped thereby to stimulate travel in the Pacific northwest. The following article has been condensed from a full-page article appearing in The Oregonian on July 25.

BY VINTON H. HALL

Silver Tip shoveled a spoonful of beans into his mouth, leaned back in his chair and 'lowed as how we should make ourselves at home, being, as it was, cold and sopping as an overworked dishcloth outside the cabin.

A fire blazed its welcome in Silver Tip's neat little cook stove, and steam arose from our water-logged Levis as we huddled together in the small room. A mountain rain, the tall-ender of winter storms, beat on the roof. We were glad to be inside.

A mile and a half high, we were, in the Wallowa mountains of northeastern Oregon. We had found Silver Tip's cabin a veritable haven of refuge after the arduous—and sometimes perilous—horseback trip from Wallowa lake, 6½ miles in back of us. Silver Tip's trim cabin, hewn from the mountain forests, rests near the shore of beautiful Aneroid lake.

"So you thought it was pretty tough going, did you?" cackled the silver-haired man, whose real name is Charles Seeber, amused at his guests' apparent exhaustion.

Part of Mountains

Silver Tip is the "old man of the mountains"—the Wallowa mountains. He loves them. He has lived in them so long that Silver Tip and the Wallows have become almost synonymous. He will always be a part of them. None can really know those towering, jagged peaks without knowing him.

Forty-eight years ago the doctor looked at 15-year-old Charley Seeber in Walla Walla, shook his head and said there was virtually no hope. Charley, a smiling, ambitious lad, had tuberculosis. They called it consumption. One chance remained to save his life, the doctor said. Get him away to a higher, drier air.

Charley's father, desirous of doing everything possible to save his son, chose the Wallowa mountains. Outfitting themselves, the Seebers began the long trek to Aneroid lake, which back in the '80s was wild and untouched as the mountain sheep that still roam there.

Charley—Silver Tip—didn't die. Instead, his little body became rugged and strong as Aneroid point. Now he can out-pack the average horse.

"Some difference between this and the city life you fellows are used to," he chirped, scraping up his dishes, carefully wiping the oil cloth-topped table and finally settling back in his favorite chair.

Names Motorloggers

"Let's see, now. You're Mr. Pangborn," pointing to Arden X. Pangborn, executive news editor of The Oregonian, who by this time had moved somewhat further from the scorching little stove and launched a vicious attack upon a ham sandwich.

"You're Mr. Gobble," Silver Tip barked, indicating Richard Goebel, Ford man for the advertising firm of McCann-Erickson, who at that particular moment was drying his rearage and nursing a saddle blister on his shin.

"And I guess you're Mr. Hall, the A.A.A. man."

A great talker—and fascinating as a dime novel that really belongs in the slicks—Silver Tip stretched out his long legs and moved on to the subject of the weather and his mountains.

"Ain't seen such a spring in all the 48 years I been here. Been raining constantly, and that ain't right, you know. It's usually swell weather even this early—brisk and brilliant, with the moon, the stars and the mountains. Makes you wish you could be in love—but dammit, I'm too old and funny lookin' for that, anyway."

"In a few days it'll all be over, and summer will really be here." That was a month ago, and the Wallows now bask under bright blue sky, fishing is good in Aneroid lake—and Silver Tip is happy.

Haven't Seen It All

"Of course you fellows know that you haven't seen all of the Wallows just because you've been up



Motorlog party transfers from one form of transportation to another, before the lodge

here to Aneroid," he began. "Take a look at this little map. It'll show you just how little you've seen."

Silver Tip related many of the things John Conwell, genial associate manager of the Wallowa Lake lodge, had related the night before as we slumped comfortably in large, rustic chairs before a massive fireplace in the lobby.

The lake basin trip, by a trail hewn through an area of 33 glacial lakes ranging in elevation from 7000 to 8500 feet, would have been the ideal trip had weather been favorable and had we allowed two days instead of one, he said. Here we would have found live glaciers extending to the very edge of trout-filled lakes. We would have ridden around or over Eagle Cap, from the 9675-foot summit of which we could have seen the entire basin with all its lakes. We could have camped out, over night,

we could have scaled The Matterhorn, 10,004 feet up, the highest peak in the primitive area.

Other Routes Desirable

Better yet, had we been better horsemen and allowed three extra days, we could have traveled the Lostine-Minam loop and camped the first night in the lake basin, from where we could have gone to Minam lake, at one end of which is Minam river; at the other end Lostine river. We could have followed either of these for some of the most spectacular scenery in the Wallowa mountains.

"Oh, you've got to come back," said Silver Tip. "You ain't seen nothin' yet."

Pangborn spied a carpenter's saw, a fiddle bow and a peculiar contraption like a hock-shop version of a collar-bone splint, hanging on the wall beside the spice rack.

"Do you play the saw?" he asked of Silver Tip.

Blushing—as well as the weather-beaten old face could blush—he ventured he could a little bit. Practiced for years, but the saw was a mighty hard instrument to master. Hard, sometimes, to remember what you started in to play.

"Here, I'll show you." He brought down the bow and the saw, which was of special steel but used about the place for sundry construction and repair jobs. Carefully, he lifted down the strange contraption, which, lo, was a harmonica fixed to a brace designed to fit firmly around the neck and shoulders to keep the instrument in place before the lips.

Looked Like Character

Rigged out, Silver Tip looked like a character from "Banjo On My Knee." He played, earnestly and well. The music sounded like the mountains, which had listened to the mellow, whining tones of the saw and the rollicking notes of the mouth harp for many years. We could visualize a winter night, snow as high as the roof, with the wind and sleet howling a weird accompaniment—and Silver Tip all alone.

It was three o'clock. Time had passed like magic in Silver Tip's cabin. It had been like an amazing dream, or a chapter in an absorbing novel.

The rain had not ceased. We would have to make the hard downhill trip to the lodge in the same rain that had softened the trail and soaked us to the skin as we ascended to Aneroid lake.

It was with some apprehension that we mounted our horses, waved good-bye to Silver Tip and started down the precipitous 6½-mile trail.

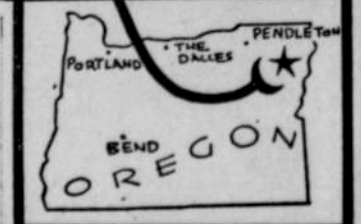
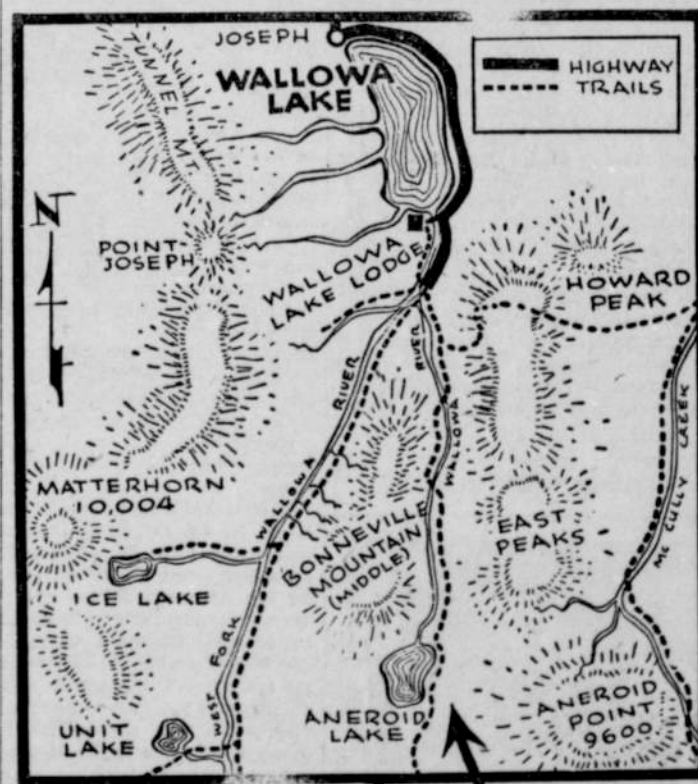
Constant hammering of rain was bound to soften the trail, we knew. Carefully and expertly built, as it was, there were places so abrupt and so narrow that it seemed inevitable the pounding rain would weaken it to the point where one false step by our horses would send us plunging and rolling to destruction.

Finally Safe Again

Finally back on level ground at the foot of the trail, the horses, too, breathed a sigh of relief. They were anxious to reach their stable and we let them run, despite saddle-soreness of which we all complained.

Harley Hamilton, head guide and owner of a string of 50 fine saddle horses, which he rents to recreationists, met us at the stables. He was scheduled to make the trip with us, but business that day prevented it. Harley, like Silver Tip, knows mountains, and someday, he said, he'd show us the lake basin Ice lake or the Lostine-Minam country.

Next day we loaded the motorlog car and started on the 367-mile return trip to Portland. Rounding calm Wallowa lake, we gazed back into the towering peaks and bade a silent good-bye to Silver Tip and his "Switzerland of America."



Map shows Wallowa mountain district trails and points of interest, while smaller map shows location of Wallows in state of Oregon.